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"DOCTOR WHO"

SERIAL 6S

'THE TWIN DILEMMA'

by

Anthony Steven

EPISODE ONE

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"DOCTOR WHO" - SERIAL 6S - 'THE TWIN DILEMMA' - EPISODE ONE

CAST:

THE DOCTOR
PERI
PROFESSOR SYLVEST
EDGEWORTH
ROMULUS
REMUS
MESTOR
DRAK
NOMA
FABIAN
HUGO
FEMALE TECHNICIAN

N/S:

TECHNICIANS

* * * * *

SETS:

Playroom
Tardis Composite:
 Console room
 Corridor
 Wardrobe
Mestor's Throne Room
Operations Room
Spacecraft Composite:
 Bridge
 Bunker
Safe House

* * * * *

TELECINE:

Surface of Titan Three

* * * * *

MODELS:

Edgworth's Space Ship
Hugo's Fighter

* * * * *

"DOCTOR WHO

SERIAL 6S

'THE TWIN DILEMMA'

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EPISODE ONE

1. INT. TARDIS. CONSOLE ROOM.

(PERI CROUCHING
IN CORNER, STILL
IN STATE OF SHOCK
AFTER SEEING
DOCTOR REGENERATE.

THE DOCTOR IS IN
THE SPLIT REMNANTS
OF THE PREVIOUS
DOCTOR'S COSTUME.
BURSTING OUT AT
THE SEAMS. HE IS
NEVERTHELESS IN
EUPHORIC MOOD.
LONGING FOR
ADMIRATION.

HE SPINS ROUND -
ALMOST A PIROUETTE -
FLEXING HIS NEW
MUSCLES)

THE DOCTOR: Well, Peri? What do you
think?

PERI: (WRETCHED) It's terrible ...

- 1/2 -

THE DOCTOR: Oh, never mind about the clothes - they're soon changed. What about me?

PERI: I meant you.

(THE DOCTOR
PAUSES IN HIS
MOVEMENTS, HIS
EUPHORIA TURNING
TO SEVERITY)

THE DOCTOR: I'm afraid I don't understand.

PERI: Neither do I. People don't change like that. I mean physically - just in a flash.

THE DOCTOR: (MOLLIFIED) I'm not people, Peri. It happens to be me.

(FOLLOWED BY
PERI, THE DOCTOR
EXITS INTO:)

- 2 -

2. INT. TARDIS. CORRIDOR.

(THE DOCTOR MAKES
HIS WAY ALONG
THE CORRIDOR,
FOLLOWED BY
PERI)

PERI: But why?

THE DOCTOR: A natural metamorphosis.
A form of re-birth. I call it a
renewal. (EUPHORIA RETURNING) And
this time - a positive triumph! I
sense it in every fibre of my being!

PERI: Have you the faintest idea
what you look like?

THE DOCTOR: My outward appearance
is of no importance whatsoever -

PERI: It is to me! I've got to
live with it.

(SHE RUMMAGES IN
HER BAG, PULLS
OUT A HAND-MIRROR.
THRUSTS IT UPON
THE DOCTOR)

Just look at yourself!

(THEY STOP WALKING)

THE DOCTOR: (AMUSED) Very well.
If you insist.

(HE STUDIES HIS
FACE IN MIRROR)

PERI: What do you see?

THE DOCTOR: A noble brow ... a clear gaze - or it will be, given a few hours sleep ... a firm mouth ... a face beaming with a vast intelligence. (SATISFACTION GROWING) My dear child, what are you complaining about? This is the most extraordinary improvement!

PERI: On what?

(THE DOCTOR THRUSTS
ASIDE MIRROR, AND
WALKS ON)

THE DOCTOR: My last incarnation.
I was never happy with that one.

PERI: Whyever not?

(THE DOCTOR PAUSES
OUTSIDE THE TARDIS
WARDROBE, HIS HAND
ON THE DOOR HANDLE)

THE DOCTOR: It had a feckless charm
which simply wasn't me -

PERI: (INDIGNANT) What absolute
rubbish! You were almost young.
I really liked you. You were sweet -

THE DOCTOR: (POUNCING ON THE WORD)
Sweet!

(THE DOCTOR THROWS
OPEN THE DOOR AND
ENTERS:)

That says it all! Oh, but this has
been a timely change ...

3. INT. TARDIS. WARDROBE.

(THE ROOM IS LARGE
AND CRAMMED WITH
COSTUMES FROM MANY
PLANETS AND
CIVILISATIONS.

AS HE UTTERS THE
WORD "change"
THE DOCTOR HIMSELF
CHANGES. HIS
EUPHORIA GIVES WAY
TO A DARK TERROR.
HE SHRINKS INTO A
CORNER TRYING TO
BURY HIMSELF BEHIND
A RAIL OF CLOTHES -
A FAUSTUS UPON
WHOM THE POWERS
OF DARKNESS ARE
CLOSING IN)

PERI: Doctor?

THE DOCTOR: (MUTTERING) Change?
What change? There is no time ...
no rhyme ... no place for space ...
Nothing ... (VOICE RISING) Nothing
but the grinding engines of the
Universe ... the crushing boredom
of eternity!

(PERI HAS BEEN
WATCHING HIM
FROM THE DOOR
WITH GROWING TERROR
AND DISBELIEF.
HE NOW APPEARS TO
BE HAVING SOME KIND
OF FIT, PUSHING OUT
HIS HANDS AS THOUGH
WARDING OFF UNSEEN
FORCES)

PERI: (TERRIFIED) Doctor!

4. INT. TWINS' PLAYROOM. HOUSE OF
PROFESSOR SYLVEST. NIGHT.

(THE YEAR IS 2300 A.D.

WHATEVER ELSE THE ROOM
MAY CONTAIN, THE ONLY
IMPORTANT FEATURES TO
US AT THIS STAGE ARE
THE LARGE WALL SCREENS
- LIKE CINEMA SCREENS
- AT OPPOSITE ENDS OF
THE ROOM.

BELOW EACH SCREEN
ARE WHAT WOULD APPEAR
TO BE ORGAN MANUALS,
A STOOL IN FRONT OF
EACH.

PROFESSOR SYLVEST, WHO
IS GOING OUT FOR THE
EVENING, HAS COME TO
SAY GOODNIGHT TO
HIS FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD
TWIN CHILDREN,
ROMULUS AND REMUS.

SYLVEST IS AT FIRST
SIGHT A SERENE, HANDSOME,
SCHOLARLY MAN OF
FORTY-FIVE.

THE SERENITY IS
MISLEADING.

HE IS INEFFECTUAL
WHEN DEALING WITH HIS
OFF-SPRINGS.

ROMULUS AND REMUS
ARE TWINS.

THEY ARE DARK, EXTREMELY
GOOD LOOKING, ALMOST
SEXUALLY SO.

- 1/7 -

ROMULUS AND REMUS
HAVE A CONFIDENCE
BEYOND THEIR YEARS
WHICH SPRINGS FROM
THEIR NATURAL GENIUS,
AND WHICH FREQUENTLY
REVEALS ITSELF IN
ARROGANCE OF MANNER.

NEVERTHELESS, AT
CERTAIN MOMENTS
THEIR RESPONSES
WILL BE JUST THE
SAME AS THOSE OF
OTHER CHILDREN OF
THEIR AGE)

ROMULUS: Where's mother?

SYLVEST: (AWKWARDLY) Er ... She's
busy.

REMUS: Does that mean she isn't
talking to us?

SYLVEST: Well ... That, too.

(Tog:) (ROMULUS:
(We would like to see her.
(REMUS:

SYLVEST: She isn't here.

ROMULUS: (INDIGNANTLY) She's gone out
without saying good-bye?

SYLVEST: Well ... Yes.

(THE TWINS SCOWL)

ROMULUS: I suppose you're going
out as well?

- 7 -

- 1/8 -

SYLVEST: In a few minutes.

REMUS: Abandoned again.

ROMULUS: You, we forgive, father ...
but not mother.

SYLVEST: (QUIET REPROOF) Look ...
Romulus, I wish you would be kinder
to your mother. You too, Remus.

(Tog:) (ROMULUS:
(Why?
(REMUS:

SYLVEST: Well ... she is your mother.

REMUS: Because mother happened to
give birth to us, does that automatically
grant her a place in our affections?

SYLVEST: Yes.

ROMULUS: Respect must be earnt
father. Mother is a fool. You know
that.

REMUS: Do you now wish us to respect
fools? You've always said the contrary.

SYLVEST: Your mother is who she is
whether you think her a fool or not.
It's no excuse for poor manners and
lack of concern.

REMUS: As you wish, father.

(AWKWARD SILENCE)

SYLVEST: I gather ... there's some-
thing you wanted to talk to me about?

- 8 -

- 1/9 -

REMUS: Not talk about. Tell you.
We're going to play equations.

(SYLVEST REACTS WITH
GENUINE ALARM)

ROMULUS: (TO SYLVEST) You know, I
sometimes think you're actually scared
of us.

SYLVEST: I worry, Romulus. I
honestly believe that neither of you
has the faintest idea of your real
powers. Your mathematical skill could
change events on a massive scale. Don't
you realise that?

REMUS: Don't be so melodramatic,
father.

ROMULUS: Sometimes you sound just
like mother.

REMUS: So why don't you stop worrying.
Buzz off and enjoy your evening out.

ROMULUS: We'll still be here when you
get back ...

REMUS: ... And so will the universe.

(RELUCTANTLY, SYLVEST
EXITS)

ROMULUS: How do you feel?

REMUS: Very positive.

(WE SENSE A SLIGHT
TENSION AND EXCITEMENT
BETWEEN THE TWINS)

- 9 -

- 1/10 -

ROMULUS: Where's the Janus?

(REMUS FISHES COIN FROM
POCKET, TOSSES IT TO
ROMULUS)

REMUS: Here. You toss.

(ROMULUS FLIPS COIN)

ROMULUS: Gates or beginning?

REMUS: Gates.

(BUT HE DOESN'T SHOW
COIN)

ROMULUS: I win -

REMUS: That's cheating. I didn't
see!

(HE RUSHES AT ROMULUS,
AND IN A MOMENT THEY
ARE BOTH ACTING LIKE
A COUPLE OF VERY
ORDINARY FOURTEEN-
YEAR-OLDS.

STRUGGLING FOR
POSSESSION OF COIN)

Give it to me! Give it to me!

ROMULUS: Not likely -

(BUT REMUS WRENCHES
COIN FROM HIM.

THEY STAND FACING
EACH OTHER, PANTING,
ANGRY)

- 10 -

- 1/11 -

REMUS: This time we'll do it properly. You call.

(HE FLIPS COIN)

ROMULUS: (SULLEN) Beginnings.

(REMUS SHOWS COIN)

REMUS: Well, it's gates. So there. You're counterpoint. I'll be theme.

(REMUS PUTS AWAY
COIN.

THE STORM IS OVER.

WITHOUT ANOTHER WORD THEY
EACH GO TO OPPOSITE END OF
ROOM, SIT DOWN AT MANUALS.

BACK TO BACK, SEPARATED
BY A SPACE OF SEVERAL
FEET.

LIKE A COUPLE OF CONCERT
PIANISTS THEY RUB THEIR
HANDS, FLEX THEIR FINGERS.

THEN THEY SIT BOWED OVER
MANUALS, THE TIPS OF
THEIR FINGERS PRESSED
LIGHTLY TO THEIR
FOREHEADS.

WE SENSE THEIR PERFECT
EMPATHY.

AND MORE THAN THAT.

IN WHAT IS TO FOLLOW
THERE HAS TO BE AN
ALMOST PERFECT
TELEPATHIC COMMUNICATION
BETWEEN THEM.

THEY ARE NO LONGER
CONCERT PIANISTS, BUT
COMPOSERS.

- 11 -

- 1/12 -

A LONG PAUSE.

THEN ROMULUS STRIKES
KEYBOARD.

AS EACH KEY IS STRUCK,
SO A MATHEMATICAL
SYMBOL APPEARS ON HIS
SCREEN.

HE PROCEEDS SOME WAY
WITHOUT HESITATION.

THEN HE LEANS BACK.

HANDS RESTING ON
THIGHS.

REMUS MOVES AT ONCE
INTO COUNTERPOINT.

THE SYMBOLS START
COMING UP ON HIS
SCREEN)

- 12 -

5. INT. TARDIS. WARDROBE.

(THE DOCTOR IS
SERENE, IMPERTURBABLE.
NO SIGN OF THE STATE
IN WHICH WE LAST SAW
HIM.

PERI, ON THE OTHER
HAND, STILL LOOKS
SHAKEN.

THE DOCTOR IS NOW
WEARING THE TROUSERS
OF HIS NEW COSTUME.

DURING THE SCENE
HE SEARCHES AMONGST
THE RACKS IN SEARCH
OF A SUITABLE COAT)

PERI: Are you sure you're all
right?

THE DOCTOR: My dear child, stop
worrying.

(HE TRIES ON A
COAT)

Try to understand. Regeneration
in my case is a swift but volcanic
experience. A violent biological
eruption in which the body cells
are displaced, changed, renewed
and re-arranged. There are bound
to be side-effects.

(THE DOCTOR REJECTS
THE COAT)

PERI: (FERVENTLY) It won't happen
again?

- 1/14 -

THE DOCTOR: Oh, it may indeed, but each time with diminishing effect. You have nothing to fear.

PERI: Next time, I'm not going to look.

THE DOCTOR: If you find it so upsetting, that would be the sensible thing to do.

(THE DOCTOR SEES THE
COAT HE WILL CHOOSE
AND SMILES BROADLY,

AS YET, WE DO NOT
REALISE HOW TASTELESS
IT WILL BE)

- 14 -

6. INT. TWINS' PLAYROOM. NIGHT.

(ROMULUS AND REMUS
AT MANUALS. BOTH
SCREENS NOW COVERED
WITH SYMBOLS.

BOTH TWINS SHOW SOME
SIGNS OF PHYSICAL
AND MENTAL EXHAUSTION.
THEIR GAME OF
EQUATIONS, NOW DRAWING
TO ITS CLOSE, HAS LEFT
THEM DRAINED.

REMUS STRIKES THREE
FINAL NOTES. THE
LETTERS QED COMES UP
ON HIS SCREEN.

THEY TURNS SLOWLY
ROUND ON THEIR STOOLS,
FACING EACH OTHER.

AS THEY DO SO, THE
FIGURE OF A MAN
MATERIALISES IN THE
CENTRE OF THE ROOM.
HE IS TALL, AGELESS,
HANDSOME IN A
MACHIARELLIAN WAY.
YET THERE IS A LATENT
BENEVOLENCE.

WE WILL CALL HIM
PROFESSOR EDGEWORTH.
HE IS, IN FACT,
AZMAEL, A TIME LORD
AND DEPOSED MASTER OF
THE PLANET JOCONDA.
FORMERLY A BENIGN
RULER, HE IS NOW
CONTROLLED BY MESTOR
A MONSTER OF EVIL
GENIUS WHO HAS USURPED
HIS POWERS.

THE TWINS ARE CHILDREN
ONCE MORE, ENTRANCED BY
A CONJURING TRICK.

REMUS AND ROMULUS
ARE OPEN-MOUTHED
WITH ADMIRATION)

REMUS: Fantastic!

ROMULUS: What a super trick!

(EDGEWORTH SMILES ON
THEM WITH GREAT
CHARM)

EDGEWORTH: Oh, I wouldn't impose
upon you for a moment. It's
no more than a simple illusion.

REMUS: We know that -

ROMULUS: We've seen it in the
theatre -

REMUS: But never close to.
You did it jolly well.

EDGEWORTH: Thank you ...

(HIS EYES ARE
ON THE SCREENS)

Your own talents are vastly
superior.

(SHAKING HEAD IN
ADMIRATION)

Amazing. Quite amazing. A
symphony in higher mathematics ...

ROMULUS: We just happened to
have a good evening. (PUZZLED)
Who are you, by the way?

EDGEWORTH: Professor Edgeworth.

(REMUS AND ROMULUS
ARE NOW OVER THEIR
INITIAL PLEASURE,
AND REVERTING TO
THEIR MORE NORMAL
STYLE. BUT
STILL CURIOUS)

ROMULUS: Never heard of you.

EDGEWORTH: No reason why you
should.

REMUS: What do you want?

EDGEWORTH: I came to pay my
respects to your father. A
man of great distinction ...

ROMULUS: A bit late for social
calls.

EDGEWORTH: Yes, I must apologise.
I've come a long way.

(THE TWINS ARE NOW
BECOMING SUSPICIOUS)

(ROMULUS:

(Tog:) (How did you get in here?
(REMUS:

EDGEWORTH: (EASILY) How does one
enter a dwelling?

ROMULUS: Nobody's allowed in when
our parents are away.

EDGEWORTH: Come now. Do I look
as though I meant you harm?

ROMULUS: Beside the point. You oughtn't to be here.

EDGEWORTH: Then I shall leave. When do you expect your parents back?

(REMUS:
(Tog:)(We don't know.
(ROMULUS:

EDGEWORTH: Tell your father I will call him.

(REMUS:
(Tog:)(All right.
(ROMULUS:

EDGEWORTH: (GENIAL) Goodbye, my boy. It's been a pleasure and a privilege ...

(AS HE SQUEEZES
ROMULUS'S HAND.

ROMULUS GIVES
SLIGHT GASP.

HE SHAKES REMUS
BY THE HAND)

Goodbye Remus. Our paths are bound to cross again. (cont ...)

(AS HE SQUEEZES
REMUS'S HAND.

REMUS GIVES A
SLIGHT GASP.

A CHANGE AT ONCE
APPARENT IN THE
TWINS. ALL THEIR
NATURAL CONFIDENCE
AND RESISTANCE HAS
EVAPORATED)

EDGEWORTH: (cont) (CRISP) Show
me your hands.

(BOTH REMUS AND
ROMULUS SHOW HIM
THEIR RIGHT HANDS,
PALMS UPPERMOST.

ON EACH PALM IS A
ROUND BLACK SPOT)

Now. What are your names?

ROMULUS: I am Romulus.

REMUS: I am Remus.

(THE TWINS MIGHT BE
TALKING IN THEIR
SLEEP.

EDGEWORTH MAKES
GESTURE EMBRACING
ROOM)

EDGEWORTH: What is this place?

(ROMULUS:
(
(Tog:) ((DULLY) We do not know.
(REMUS:

EDGEWORTH: (SATISFIED) Good.
Excellent.

(HE PULLS THEM BY THEIR
RIGHT HANDS INTO THE
MIDDLE OF THE ROOM TO
THE POINT WHERE HE HAS
MATERIALISED. HE LETS
GO OF THEIR HANDS,
OFFERS HIS LEFT ARM)

Hold me by the sleeve.

(THEY OBEY.

WITH HIS RIGHT
HAND, EDGEWORTH
TOUCHES A HEAVY
RING ON HIS LEFT
HAND.

THE THREE OF THEM
DEMATERIALISE.

ON THE FLOOR WHERE
THEY STOOD THERE
REMAINS A FAINT,
DUST-LIKE DEPOSIT)

7. INT. TARDIS CORRIDOR.

(THE DOCTOR IS NOW
DRESSED IN HIS NEW
COSTUME. IT IS
TOTALLY TASTELESS,
EACH COLOUR CLASHING
WITH THE ONE ALONG
SIDE IT.

THE DOCTOR STRIDES
ALONG THE CORRIDOR,
BACK TOWARDS THE
CONSOLE ROOM,
DELIGHTED WITH HIS
CHOICE OF CLOTHES)

PERI: You're not serious!

THE DOCTOR: I am always serious!

PERI: You can't go out dressed
like that.

THE DOCTOR: And why not?

PERI: You look dreadful.

THE DOCTOR: That is what people said
of Beau Brummel ... You remember him?

PERI: But he had taste, a feeling
for style.

THE DOCTOR: (OUTRAGED) And I don't?

PERI: Not if what you're wearing is
an example. It's ... (WORDS FAIL
HER) ... Yuk!

(THE DOCTOR SCOWLS)

TELECINE 1:

Deep Space.
(Model Shot).

A shabby space
freighter hangs in
space - this is
Edgeworth's ship.

Along one side of
the ship is its
registration number:
XV 773.

It's appearance is
deceptive as it is
more than capable of
out-running the
fastest fighters.

8. INT. EDGEWORTH SPACECRAFT. BRIDGE.

(THE INTERIOR IS
CLEAN-LINED AND
VERY SOPHISTICATED.

THE ONLY OCCUPANTS
ARE TWO JOCONDANS -
DRAK AND NOMA.

BOTH ARE "CONTROLLED"
BY MESTOR.

DRAK IS SMALL, ALERT
AND LIVELY, AND -
INSOFAR AS HE IS ABLE
TO BE - LOYAL TO
EDGEWORTH.

NOMA IS TALL, SATURNINE
AND SINISTER. HE HAS
ACCEPTED THE NEW REGIME,
AND IS A SORT OF GESTAPO
OFFICER SENT TO KEEP AN
EYE ON EDGEWORTH)

NOMA: His time is up. I shall contact
Mestor.

DRAK: (WATCHING SCANNER) No need.
He's got them. He's coming now.

(EDGEWORTH AND TWINS
MATERIALISE IN THE
TRANSMAT CUBICLE.

THE TWINS ARE STILL
UNDER THE INFLUENCE
PUT UPON THEM BY
EDGEWORTH)

EDGEWORTH: (TO DRAK) Lock them in
the bunker.

DRAK: At once.

(DRAK LEADS TWINS
AWAY)

(EDGEWORTH MOVES TO
FAR END OF SPACECRAFT,
STANDS IN FRONT OF
A RECEIVER AND GRIPS
A HANDLE.

THERE IS A PAUSE.

SUDDENLY A SHAFT OF
RED LIGHT SHOOTS FROM
THE CEILING ENCASING
EDGEWORTH)

EDGEWORTH: Mestor.

(SLOWLY THE HEAD OF
MESTOR IS FADED IN
AND IS SUPERIMPOSED
OVER EDGEWORTH'S.

IT'S AS THOUGH THEIR
MINDS ARE AS ONE.

THE IMAGE SHOULD BE
VERY SINISTER.

MESTOR SPEAKS THROUGH
EDGEWORTH'S MOUTH,
ALTHOUGH THE VOICES
ARE QUITE DIFFERENT)

MESTOR'S VOICE: (O.S.) Yes, Edgeworth?

(MESTOR'S VOICE IS
SMOOTH, DEEP, DANGEROUS,
ROTTEN - A VOICE AT
ONCE SUBTLE AND FULL OF
MENACE)

EDGEWORTH: I have them on board.

MESTOR: Are they docile?

EDGEWORTH: For the moment - yes. I gave them a selective amnesia.

MESTOR: When will they be missed?

EDGEWORTH: Very soon.

MESTOR: You have no time to lose. There will be hue and cry. I want no trail to Joconda. Take them to the safe house on Titan Three.

EDGEWORTH: At once.

MESTOR: You will stay at the safe house, until further notice.

EDGEWORTH: As you command, Mestor.

(THE SHAFT OF RED LIGHT
AND THE IMAGE OF MESTOR
FADES.

EDGEWORTH LOOKS WORN AND
TIRED)

9. INT. MESTOR'S THRONE ROOM. DAY.

(MESTOR, HALF
SLUG, HALF MAN,
SITS ON HIS
THRONE.

THE ROOM IS
OTHERWISE EMPTY.

MESTOR SLOWLY
STANDS UP AND LETS
OUT A QUIET, BUT
EVIL LAUGH)

MESTOR: (MUTTERS) Beware, Edgeworth ...
Wherever you are, I shall always be
in your mind ...

10. INT. TARDIS. CONSOLE ROOM.

(THE DOCTOR AT
THE CONTROLS)

PERI: Where are we going?

THE DOCTOR: Vesta Ninety-Five.

PERI: Where's that?

THE DOCTOR: You'll see. It's a
marvellous place for a holiday. We
both need a rest. I would take you
to the Eye of Orion ... (A LITTLE
EMBARRASSED) ... but the
co-ordinates allude me at the moment.

(HE IS NOW STARING
AT HER IN A
STRANGE, OWLISH
WAY)

Peri ...

PERI: Yes?

THE DOCTOR: How did you get a
name like that?

PERI: It's a diminutive of my
proper name.

THE DOCTOR: Indeed. (cont ...)

(THE DOCTOR QUOTING
UNEXPECTEDLY AND
MELODRAMATICALLY)

- 1/28 -

THE DOCTOR: (cont)
One morn a Peri at the gate
Of Eden stood disconsolate ...
Who wrote that?

PERI: I haven't the faintest
idea.

THE DOCTOR: Of course you haven't.
You don't even know what a Peri
is, do you?

(HIS MANNER IS
ONCE MORE BEGINNING
TO FRIGHTEN PERI,
WHO NOW RECOGNISES
THE ONSET OF HIS
MADNESSES)

PERI: N-no.

THE DOCTOR: Then I'll tell you, my
dear. A Peri is a good and
beautiful fairy in Persian
mythology ... The interesting
thing is, before it became
good, it was evil. (MADNESS NOW)
And that is what you are. Thoroughly
evil.

PERI: Doctor! Stop it!

THE DOCTOR: Oh, no ... Not even a
fairy. An evil alien sent to spy on
me. And we all know the fate of
alien spies!

(HE RUSHES
AT HER.

PERI SCREAMS.
SHE TRIES TO DODGE
HIM. HE GRABS HER.
SHE GETS AWAY.

- 28 -

THE DOCTOR LUNGES
AT PERI.

SHE MANAGES TO SNATCH
UP HER HAND MIRROR.

AS SHE DOES SO,
SHE TRIPS, FALLING
BACKWARDS. THE
DOCTOR IS ON HER FOR
THE KILL.

SHE CAN'T USE THE
MIRROR AS A WEAPON,
BUT SHE SUCCEEDS IN
PUTTING IT BETWEEN HER
FACE AND HIS OWN, SO
THAT IT REFLECTS HIS
FACE.

ACCIDENT OR INSTINCT.
IT DOESN'T MATTER.

THE DOCTOR SEES
THE REFLECTED IMAGE,
HIS OWN FACE
CONTORTED WITH
DIABOLICAL FURY.

HE LETS HER GO.

CRY OF TERROR FROM
THE DOCTOR.

HE STARTS BACK FROM
HER, HIS HANDS
SHIELDING HIS
EYES)

11. INT. TWINS' PLAYROOM. NIGHT.

(SYLVEST ENTERS)

SYLVEST: (CALLING) Romulus ...
Remus ...

(HE LOOKS AROUND
THE ROOM AND CALLS
AGAIN, THIS TIME
WITH MORE URGENCY.

HE THEN NOTICES
A DUST LIKE DEPOSIT ON
THE FLOOR, EXAMINES IT,
AS A LOOK OF
DESPAIR COMES TO HIS
FACE.

SYLVEST RUSHES TO
THE WALL OF THE ROOM
AND PUNCHES A CODE
INTO A PRESS BUTTON
DISPLAY.

A SCREEN IS
ILLUMINATED AND WE
SEE HUGO LANG)

HUGO: Special Incident Room.

SYLVEST: Professor Sylvest, Security,
clearance nine, four, one,
oblique two, nine.

(ALMOST ON THE
VERGE OF TEARS)

They've gone.

HUGO: Sir?

SYLVEST: My children have been kidnapped.

12. INT. INTER-PLANETARY OPERATIONS ROOM.
NIGHT.

(LIEUTENANT HUGO
LANG, THE DUTY
OFFICER, IS SEATED
AT A SMALL CONSOLE.

BEHIND HIM, THE
BUSTLE AND ACTIVITY
OF A BUSY "OPS" ROOM
CAN BE SEEN.

HUGO WEARS AN EARPIECE
SO WE ONLY HEAR HIS
SIDE OF THE
CONVERSATION. ALTHOUGH
WE CAN SEE THE
DESPERATE FACE OF
SYLVEST ON THE
MONITOR BEFORE HIM)

HUGO: When did this happen ...
I see. What are the indications? I'm
afraid it does. Would you
please hold a moment?

(HUGO LEANS ACROSS
DESK, PRESSES BUTTON
ON SPEAKER)

(TO SPEAKER) Call General
Fabian.

(DEPRESSES BUTTON,
RETURNS TO
TELEPHONE)

I'm listening, Professor ... Yes
... Yes ... Naturally you are
anxious. Leave it to us, Sir.
I'll ask the General to call you
back. Goodbye. (cont ...)

(AS HUGO ENDS
CONVERSATION, FABIAN
COMES IN, BUTTONING
UP TUNIC.

HE IS THE ARCHETYPICAL
SENIOR POLICE
OFFICER OF ANY
CENTURY. HE IS IN
BAD TEMPER FROM
BEING WOKEN UP.

HUGO RISES TO HIS
FEET)

HUGO: (cont) Sorry to wake you,
sir -

FABIAN: (IRRITABLE) What is it?

(FABIAN MOVES ROUND
TO BACK OF BIG
DESK, SLUMPS DOWN)

HUGO: The Sylvest twins are
missing. The professor found a
dust-like deposit on the floor
of their room. He says it's
zanium.

FABIAN: (GROANING ALOUD) Zanium!
You know what that means?

HUGO: An extra terrestrial
snatch.

FABIAN: If those twins have
fallen into alien hands ...

(HE DOESN'T FINISH
COMES VERY MUCH
ALIVE)

This is something I've always feared.
What's the time factor?

HUGO: He says two hours maximum.

FABIAN: Right! They're still within range. (DECISIVE) I'm ordering first priority. Full-scale search. I want all pursuit crews launched. Briefing will take place in flight.

HUGO: Sir.

FABIAN: And I want you as Flight Leader ...

HUGO: (SALUTING) Yes, Sir.

(HUGO EXITS.)

FABIAN TURNS TO
FEMALE TECHNICIAN
SEATED AT A LARGE
CONSOLE)

FABIAN: I want a thorough scan. All unidentifiable space vehicles must be investigated.

13. INT. TARDIS. CONSOLE ROOM.

(PERI STANDS LEANING
FORWARDS, HER HANDS
PRESSING DOWN ON
SOME CONVENIENT
SHELF-LIKE PROJEC-
TION IN THE TARDIS.
SHE IS PHYSICALLY
EXHAUSTED, HER
BREAST HEAVING
FROM SPENT ENERGY.

THE DOCTOR IS
WATCHING HER WITH
AN AIR OF TOTAL
BEWILDERMENT)

THE DOCTOR: What happened?

PERI: (GASPING) You ... had ...
another of your fits.

THE DOCTOR: I don't have fits!

PERI: Whatever ... you call them.

THE DOCTOR: I explained. Manic
moments. Of no consequence.
They become less dramatic and
less and less frequent.

PERI: This was worse ... longer.
It was horrible.

THE DOCTOR: (TARTLY) Don't
exaggerate.

(PERI HAS RECOVERED
SUFFICIENTLY TO
RAISE HER HEAD
AND LOOK AT HIM)

PERI: Exaggerate? You don't remember what you did, do you?

THE DOCTOR: I - I admit ...
I'm a little hazy.

PERI: You tried to kill me!

THE DOCTOR: Don't be absurd.

PERI: I'm not ...

(WHILE STILL NOT
BELIEVING HER,
HER MANNER IS
STARTING TO MAKE
THE DOCTOR UNEASY)

THE DOCTOR: What you say is impossible. I have an inbuilt resistance to any form of violence ... except in self-defence.

(PERI IS HAVING A
HARD TIME. HYSTERIA
JUST CONTROLLED.

PERI: You don't!

THE DOCTOR: (PUZZLED) I don't?
(cont ...)

(AT LAST SHE IS
THROUGH TO HIM!

HE STARES AT HER
WITH GROWING
INCRECULITY)

THE DOCTOR: (cont) Upon my word! You really are frightened.

PERI: (BEGINNING TO SOB)
Frightened half to death. And that's only because I'm not dead already.

THE DOCTOR: (NERVOUS TWITCHING BEGINNING) Something's wrong. Very wrong.

(LUNACY COMING ON
AT MERE RECOLLECTION)

Oh, no ... no! Has it come to that? Regenerate yet unregenerate!

(HE STAGGERS BACK
AGAINST WALL OF
TARDIS, RIGHT HAND
PRESSED TO HIS
TWIN HEARTS - A
CROSS BETWEEN A
BAD HAMLET AND A
FIGURE FROM
VICTORIAN MELODRAMA)

Alas! Poor Peri! Not for us the pleasure of Vesta Ninety-Five.

(PERI IS STARING
AT HIM, WIDE-EYED,
ALL HER FEARS
RETURNING)

PERI: What are you saying?

THE DOCTOR: (MAD MUTTERING) I am a living peril to the Universe ... (cont ...)

(HE PRESSES THE
PALMS OF HIS HANDS
TO THE SIDES OF HIS
HEAD)

THE DOCTOR: (cont) (MAD
MUTTERING) If this poor hive
is to be cleansed, there's
only one recourse ... Con-
templation ...

(HE ABRUPTLY
THROWS HIS ARMS
ALOFT - ALMOST
A TRIUMPHAL GESTURE)

(VOICE RISING) Self-abnegation
in some hellish wilderness!
Ten days - ten years - a
thousand! Of what account is
time to me?

(HE DROPS HIS ARMS,
EYEBALLS GLARING
AT PERI)

I shall become a hermit, and
you, child, my disciple. I
know the very place. An asteroid
so desolate -

(ON THE WORD "DESOLATE",
HE HURLS HIMSELF AT
TARDIS CONTROLS)

(SHOUTS) Titan Three is where
I shall repent!

(WHATEVER HE DOES
TO THE CONTROLS,
THE EFFECT IS LIKE
SPINNING THE CAPSTAN
OF A TALL-SHIP, AND
HITTING A GALE
BROADSIDE.

THE WHOLE TARDIS
SHUDDERS.

PERI IS THROWN
SCREAMING TO THE
FLOOR)

14. INT. EDGEWORTH'S SPACE-CRAFT. BUNKER.

(THE TWINS LOCKED
IN.

REMUS, WITH MULTI-
PURPOSE PENKNIFE
REMOVING SMALL METAL
PANEL FROM WALL.

BEHIND IT IS A
MASS OF WIRING.

ROMULUS, WHO HAS
BEEN STRETCHED ON
BUNK, SITS UP)

ROMULUS: What are you doing?

REMUS: We don't know where
we're from or where we're
going, but one thing's for sure.
This is a spacecraft ...And
we're prisoners.

ROMULUS: Then we must try
to escape.

REMUS: I might be able to put
out some sort of distress
signal.

ROMULUS: Who's going to hear
it?

REMUS: How should I know?

(REMUS IS NOW BUSY
FIDDLING WITH WIRES)

Keep an ear to the door.

15. INT. INTER-PLANETARY OPERATIONS ROOM.
NIGHT.

(GENERAL FABIAN
PACES NERVOUSLY
UP AND DOWN.

THE TECHNICIANS
OPERATE THEIR
SCANNING INSTRUMENTS.

FABIAN STOPS
PACING)

FABIAN: (TO TECHNICIAN) Anything?

TECHNICIAN: No, sir.

16. INT. EDGEWORTH'S SPACECRAFT. BRIDGE.

(DRAK AT CONTROLS.

EDGEWORTH STRETCHED
OUT SLEEPING.

NOMA STANDS LOOKING
DOWN AT HIM, HIS
FACE EXPRESSIONLESS.

HE TURNS AWAY,
PATROLS A FEW
PACES, MOVES
TOWARDS DOOR OF
BUNKER.

AS HE DOES, WE
SEE HUGO'S
FIGHTER APPEAR
ON THE SCANNER
SCREEN)

17. INT. EDGEWORTH'S SPACECRAFT. BUNKER.

(REMUS REPLACING
PANEL)

ROMULUS: I think someone's coming!

(REMUS HIDES HIS
PENKNIFE, SITS
ON BUNK WITH HIS
BACK TO PANEL,
HOLDING IT IN
PLACE.

DOOR OPENS, NOMA
LOOKS IN.

HE STARES AT THEM
WITH HOSTILITY,
LOOKS ROUND
BUNKER SUSPICIOUSLY,
GOES OUT AGAIN,
CLOSING DOOR,
WITHOUT A WORD
SPOKEN)

REMUS: Phew! That was a bit close.

(HE FINISHES
SCREWING UP
PANEL)

ROMULUS: Did you do it?

REMUS: (NODS) I only hope it works.

18. INT. INTER-PLANETARY OPERATIONS ROOM.
NIGHT.

(FABIAN AT DESK.)

THERE IS A BUZZ
FROM THE CONSOLE.

FABIAN LEANS
FORWARD AND
OPERATES A SWITCH)

FABIAN: Yes?

HUGO'S VOICE: (DISTORTED) It's
Lang, sir. I'm in visual contact with a
Space Hopper Mark Three freighter,
registration number X.V. Seven, seven
three, but I'm unable to make voice
contact.

FABIAN: (TO TECHNICIAN) Check it out.

(FEMALE TECHNICIAN
PUNCHES CO-ORDINATES
INTO COMPUTER.

FIGURES START TO
FLASH UP ON HER
V.D.U.)

HUGO'S VOICE: The ship is also
transmitting an irregular signal My
flight computer is unable to analyse.

(TECHNICIAN
FROM V.D.U.)

TECHNICIAN: X.V. Seven, seven, three was
reported missing, believed destroyed
eight months ago.

FABIAN: (TO HUGO) Did you get that?

HUGO'S VOICE: Yes, sir.

FABIAN: Proceed with care. But find out what that freighter's up to.

19. INT. EDGEWORTH'S SPACECRAFT. BRIDGE.

(DRAK SITS BEFORE
THE CONSOLE LOOKING
AT THE SCANNER -
SCREEN.

ON IT HE CAN SEE
HUGO'S FIGHTER)

HUGO'S VOICE: (DISTORTED) This is
fighter leader to Freighter X.V. seven,
seven, three. This is fighter leader
to Freighter ...

(DRAK SWITCHES
OFF THE VOICE
IN MID-SENTENCE.

HE THEN FINGERS
THE CONTROLS
AND THE NOISE
OF THE ENGINES
INCREASE.

THE IMAGE ON THE
SCANNER-SCREEN
BLURS.

THE FREIGHTER HAS
GONE INTO WARP
DRIVE)

20. INT. INTER-PLANETARY OPERATIONS ROOM.
NIGHT.

(AS BEFORE, THE
CONSOLE BUZZES)

HUGO'S VOICE: Lang, sir. I don't get
it. The freighter's gone into warp
drive.

FABIAN: Then follow it.

HUGO'S VOICE: You don't understand,
sir. The X.V. class of freighter was
never built for warp drive. It must
have been modified.

FABIAN: Do you want back-up?

HUGO'S VOICE: Not yet. I'd
like to know ...

(HIS VOICE VANISHES
IN MASSIVE STATIC)

FABIAN: Lang ... Lang, are you
receiving me?

(BUT THE STATIC
ONLY INCREASES)

(TO TECHNICIAN) Find out what's
happened.

TECHNICIAN: He's right, sir.

(FABIAN THINKS
FOR A MOMENT)

TELECINE 2:

Ext. Surface Of Titan
Three.

We can't see much
because of the
prevailing gloom.

It would seem to
be a place of frightful
desolation.

There is a wind-blown
foggy vapour adding
to the obscurity.

In the middle of all
this, the Tardis
materialises.

21. INT. TARDIS.CONSOLE ROOM.

(ON THE SCANNER-
SCREEN WE SEE
THE SURFACE OF
TITAN THREE.

THE DOCTOR,
THE PRIEST OR
PENITENT.

PERI WATCHING
HIM)

THE DOCTOR: Titan Three, thou
craggy knob which swims upon
the oceans of the firmament -
receive this weary penitent!

PERI: I think I'm going
to be sick.

(HE QUELLS HER
WITH A DREADFUL
LOOK)

(MUMBLING) I - I'm sorry.

(THE DOCTOR BLINKS,
A SORT OF NORMALITY
RETURNING AS
HE LOOKS AT PERI)

THE DOCTOR: Why should you be
sorry?

PERI: I don't know. I don't
know anything any longer.
(IMPLORING) Doctor, please ...

THE DOCTOR: Yes?

PERI: I know what you said ...
You weren't serious, were you? I
mean about being a hermit?

THE DOCTOR: Never more so. And
no need to remind you. A
hermit needs a hermitage.
You and I, Peri, are going to
find one.

(PERI LOOKS ROUND
TARDIS)

PERI: Why bother? Isn't this
good enough?

THE DOCTOR: (SHOCKED) Far too
good! Quite useless for
meditation ... No, what I need
is a cave. Some utterly
comfortless place where we can
suffer together.

PERI: Why should I be made to
suffer?

THE DOCTOR: Because you have
been chosen. It will be your
humble privilege to minister
to my needs ... They will be
very simple. But nothing
must be allowed to interfere
with my period of contemplation.

PERI: You said something about
a thousand years -

THE DOCTOR: (VAGUE) I was
speaking figuratively. It
shouldn't come to that.
(IMPATIENT) Now come along.
We're wasting time.

PERI: We can't go out there!

THE DOCTOR: We must ...
(LIKE A THIRD RATE SAINT) ...
I must atone for what I have done.

(PERI POINTS
AT THE SCREEN)

PERI: But we'll die.

(THE DOCTOR POINTS
AT THE CONSOLE)

THE DOCTOR: The instruments say
otherwise. The atmosphere,
what there is of it, is
breathable.

(SUDDENLY THE
TARDIS IS ROCKED
BY A MASSIVE
EXPLOSION)

PERI: What was that?

THE DOCTOR: I think we should
find out.

(THEY EXIT FROM
THE TARDIS)

22. INT. INTER-PLANETARY OPERATIONS ROOM.

(GENERAL FABIAN
AT DESK. MONITOR.

HE LOOKS ABSOLUTELY
HORRIFIED.

A TECHNICIAN STANDING
BY)

FABIAN: Five ships?

TECHNICIAN: All readings indicate
negative energy.

FABIAN: I've lost five pursuit
ships!

TECHNICIAN: There isn't any
doubt, sir.

(FABIAN COLLAPSES
INTO A CHAIR)

FABIAN: You'd better contact
the Ministry. They're bound
to want to know what's
happened.

(THE TECHNICIAN
PICKS UP A TELEPHONE
TYPE HAND-SET AND
STARTS TO PUNCH
BUTTONS ON
THE CONSOLE)

TELECINE 3:

Ext. Safe House On
Titan Three.

MODEL SHOT.

The safe house is
subterranean except
for the clear dome
which surmounts it.

23. INT. SAFE HOUSE. TITAN THREE.

(THERE IS A MAIN
AREA, WITH SMALLER
AREAS LEADING OFF IT.
THE MAIN AREA IS
BRIGHTLY LIT,
FULL OF STRANGE
AND GLITTERING
EQUIPMENT.

IT IS EMPTY.

EDGEWORTH, NOMA,
DRAK AND THE
TWINS MATERIALISE
IN THE TRANSMAT
AREA. THE TWINS
LOOK WRETCHED AND
SICK, BUT STILL
MANAGE TO BE CURIOUS
AS THEY LOOK AROUND.

EDGEWORTH INDICATES
COUCHES)

EDGEWORTH: Sit down over there.

(INSTEAD OF SITTING
ON THE COUCHES,
THE TWINS FALL FULL
LENGTH UPON
THEM IN A STATE OF
ABSOLUTE EXHAUSTION.

FOR A MOMENT
A FLICKER OF
SOMETHING LIKE
COMPASSION SHOWS ON
EDGEWORTH'S FACE.
SWIFTLY SUPPRESSED.
WE SENSE HIS OWN
UTTER WEARINESS.

SUDDENLY EDGEWORTH'S
HEAD IS FILLED WITH
THE VOICE OF
MESTOR CALLING "EDGE-
WORTH. EDGEWORTH".

EDGEWORTH CROSSES
TO A DEVICE VERY
SIMILAR TO
THE ONE IN HIS
SHIP AND OPERATES IT.

THE SHAFT OF RED
LIGHT IS ACTIVATED
AND THE IMAGE OF
MESTOR APPEARS
AS BEFORE)

MESTOR'S VOICE: You were
careless, Edgeworth.

EDGEWORTH: I make no excuse.

MESTOR'S VOICE: You say
that too easily. I saved
you this time. Five ships
destroyed. But there may be
others. You have betrayed
your presence on Titan Three.

EDGEWORTH: Then I'd better
start back now!

MESTOR'S VOICE: No. I wish
to see how the Earth fleet
reacts.

24. INT. MESTOR'S THRONE ROOM.

(MESTOR SITS
BATHED IN A
SHAFT OF RED
LIGHT.

EDGEWORTH CAN
NOT BE SEEN, ONLY
HEARD)

EDGEWORTH'S VOICE: Of course.

MESTOR: Are the Sylvest twins
safe?

EDGEWORTH'S VOICE: They are.
They're resting. The poor
things are exhausted.

(FROM HERE ON,
CUT BETWEEN
MESTOR AND
EDGEWORTH AS
DESIRED)

MESTOR: Give them artificial
restoration.

EDGEWORTH: It could be dangerous.

MESTOR: Nonsense. Take care
not to blow their hearts or minds.
Once they have served me, I
shall have no further use for
them.

EDGEWORTH: (RESTRAINT) Mestor,
your great purpose demands
the originality of human
genius ... I have procured that
genius. Do not discard it lightly.

MESTOR: And do not presume upon my patience, Edgeworth. You are my creature. Nothing more. Now do as I command you.

EDGEWORTH: (FLAT) Very well.

MESTOR: When you have revived them, put the proposition and let them proceed with the first concept. Whatever time remains to you on Titan Three, do not waste it. Drive them to the limit.

EDGEWORTH: (FLAT) As you say.

MESTOR: And one more thing -

EDGEWORTH: (FLAT) Yes?

MESTOR: Make certain there are no survivors from those ships
...

TELECINE 4:

Ext. Surface of
Titan Three.

THE DOCTOR - the
hero to the rescue -
striding towards
wreckage of pursuit
ship.

The awful gloom
is illuminated and
worsened by the
flicker of fire.

Sounds of minor
explosions.

PERI struggles to
keep up with him.

Around them now
are pieces of smoking
debris.

PERI: (PANTING) Doctor! It's
dangerous -

THE DOCTOR: (EXULTANT) Of course
it's dangerous! We could be blown
to pieces any moment -

PERI: But no one could have lived
through this -

THE DOCTOR: Then stay behind!
This is work for heroes, not
faint-hearted girls.

He plunges forward,
and PERI follows,
stumbling in his
wake. Suddenly
he drops to one knee.

THE DOCTOR: (TRIUMPHANT) So no one
could have lived through it, eh?
Well here's one who did. (cont ...)

- 1/57 -

As PERI joins
THE DOCTOR, we see
the bleeding,
unconscious body
of HUGO spread-eagled
on the ground, his
clothes smouldering.

THE DOCTOR: (cont) You would have
left your own kind to die ...

- 57 -

25. INT. INTERPLANETARY OPERATIONS ROOM. NIGHT.

(FABIAN IS CONCLUDING
HIS CONVERSATION
WITH THE MINISTER)

FABIAN: (INTO HAND SET) Of course,
Minister ... Yes, I understand
... At once.

(HE REPLACES THE
HAND SET)

Call off the rescue party.

TECHNICIAN: (SURPRISED) Sir?

FABIAN: (VERY SUBDUED) Until we
know more about how our fighters
were destroyed, no more lives
are to be put at risk.

TECHNICIAN: But, sir -

FABIAN: That is a direct order
from the Minister ... (MUTTERS)
And may my bones rot for
obeying it.

26. INT. TARDIS. CONSOLE ROOM.

(HUGO, UNCONSCIOUS,
LYING ON FLOOR
OF TARDIS.

THE DOCTOR IS STILL
FULL OF HIS TRIUMPH,
AND HE EXPRESSES THIS
IN HIS BULLYING
ATTITUDE TO POOR PERI,
WHO IS NEAR TO TEARS)

PERI: Will he live?

THE DOCTOR: (HECTORING) Yes - small
thanks to you.

(HE BOTHERS TO
TURN FROM HUGO
AND STARE PERI
DOWN WITH CONTEMPT)

(SLOW RELISH) Poor pusillanimous
Peri ... what a pitiful performance.

PERI: How can you be so

(WE THINK SHE IS
GOING TO BURST
INTO TEARS AND
SAY "UNFAIR".

INSTEAD, SUDDENLY
SHE RALLIES, SHOWS
HER TRUE SPIRIT)

(SPITTING) - Pathetic! (cont ...)

(THE DOCTOR IS TAKEN
BY SURPRISE)

- 1/60 -

PERI: (cont) Talk about me giving a performance. You never stop giving them. When you aren't really mad, and trying to kill me, that is. Look at you now!

THE DOCTOR: (OUTRAGED) What do you mean?

PERI: I never saw anyone who loved themselves so much with less reason.

(POINTING AT HUGO)

You've forgotten all about him. By the time you've stopped congratulating yourself he'll probably be dead.

THE DOCTOR: (AGHAST) Peri!

(THE DOCTOR IS SAVED
FROM FURTHER
EMBARRASSMENT BY
UNEXPECTED INTERRUPTION
FROM HUGO.

HE MOVES RESTLESSLY)

HUGO: (MUTTERING) The children ...

(THEN ABRUPTLY HE
RAISES HIMSELF
FROM THE WAIST,
A LOOK OF HORROR
ON HIS FACE)

My ship ... my squadron ... (cont ...)

(HIS EYES WIDEN,
AND HE GLARES AT
THE DOCTOR WITH A
TERRIBLE FURY.

- 60 -

- 1/61 -

(WITH UNEXPECTED
SPEED, HUGO PULLS
SMALL GUN FROM HIS
BELT, AND - USING
BOTH HANDS TO STEADY
IT - POINTS IT
STRAIGHT UP AT THE
DOCTOR)

HUGO: (cont) (VOICE STRENGTHENING)
Murderer! You destroyed my whole
command!

(THE DOCTOR SHRINKS
BACK IN ABJECT
TERROR)

And now I'm going to kill you!

FADE OUT

- 61 -